The Sun Rises

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/74891711.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Kiryuuin Satsuki, Matoi Ryuuko
Additional Tags:	Incest, Sibling Incest, Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Suicidal Thoughts, Suicide Attempt, Oral Sex, Shower Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Orgasm, Sister/Sister Incest, ryuko la satsuki, Past Trauma, Trauma, Victims Trauma Bonding, Romance, Romantic Incest, They're wives and sisters, I swear this is more than just "sisters fuck", your honor they're gay, Post-Canon, Explicit Sexual Content, Consent, Kisses, Past Abuse, Unhealthy to anyone but them
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-28 Words: 4,627 Chapters: 1/1

The Sun Rises

by HighTreason

Summary

A breaking and repairing, and the only one who could possibly understand.

Notes

CONTENT WARNING: Direct suicide attempt, references to past sexual abuse, molestation, rape.

I swear it has a happy ending.

See the end of the work for more notes

She ran. A stumbling, barreling, desperate run with no destination.

An elevator. Buttons. An idea. Up. Absolution.

The doorframe cracked, the door pushed open.

Wind buffeting her. One foot after the other.

A chain link fence. Easy to climb. A few feet between her and safety for everyone she'd come to care for, those she fought to protect, the one she found love—

The fence rattles. She starts heating herself up. Grip, pull, grip, pull.

She perches atop the fence. Eyes trail down, down to her judgement, where she belongs.

A crash. She turns. Her sin, her love, her victim, her other half.

She leans, center of gravity shifting. One way, and then violently the other way. The roof is hard and cold, but above her is a fire, hot, burning, wanting—

“Let me go, let me go I have to, I can't become her I WON'T BE HER LET ME GO—”

A swing. A clap. A sudden 90 degree shift. A pain. Grounding. Deserved.

Ryuko kneeled over her, pinning her to the rooftop, hand still in place from the follow through of the slap that dragged her back to reality. Her eyes blazed with rage, disbelief, confusion, betrayal.

“Ryuko. Let me go. I'm becoming her. I will not allow that to happen.” Cold. Logical. Straightforward. A steel veneer over shards long since shattered and only recently put back together.

She's dragged up, eye to eye, nose to nose with her sister, minus the intimacy that filled the previous night (I'm a monster she made me like her I can't she was so soft I'll just break her I only break things I can't break her hurt her monstermonstermonster)

“Kiryuin Satsuki. You are going to talk sense or I am going to beat your ass till you do. What in the hell do you think you were doing?” Rage, sadness, a hand gripping her collar that was just as much demanding answers as it was clinging to love.

A shuddering breath. Jumbled thoughts forced into order, a plea for (help)release.

“I-I I'm becoming her, Ragyo, Ryuko please-”

“Why do you think you're becoming her?”

Last night. Softness. Warmth. Vulnerable and loving. Pleasure. Happiness. (Manipulation, despoiling, control, taking, stealing, burning, branding NEVER FREE-)

Shaken back to reality. “Ryuko, I, we . . . She did the same thing to me, and I'm doing it to you and I CAN'T, I WON'T do that to you, you're free of it, I'm not, I'll never be, I have to stop before I can't, please just let me go-”

Another slap. More firm, less panicked. Commanding, grounding.

“No”

“No? Ryuko please, don't let me become her, don't let me become a monster, if you love me at all you'll let me jump!”

Silence. Steel eyes.

“You'll be fine, you're strong, you have Mako, the Mankanshokus, just let me jump and I'll never hurt you or anyone, I won't break you, you'll be wholen not a monster not HER-”

“NO! Kiryuin Satsuki I swear by whatever the hell you want that I am NOT going to let you jump. Not now, not ever. You get that through your thick skull, you are not dying on my watch.”

Silence. Wind.

“Ryuko, what I did to you last night-”

“What WE did last night. Or do you think you could somehow coerce me, manipulate me for sex?”

“I learned from the best. Ryuko you have no idea, she could break you down with a look, like it was your destiny, your place-"

“And you can barely get me to clean up after working on my bike, we still fight over the dumbest things, like the Pasta Wars?”

“Ryuko I'm being serious-”

“SO AM I. You're the only person I know more stubborn than I am. Even Gamagoori folds before you do.”

“We're SISTERS, its wrong its INCEST-”

“AND I LOVE YOU SATSUKI!”

Tears, furious tears, warpaint, scars.

“Kiryuin Satsuki, I love you. I love you. I love your confidence, I love your intelligence, I love your big goofy eyebrows. I love you as a sister and as a lover and DAMN anyone who thinks what we have is wrong.”

Shame. Her sister(lover) is so strong.

“Satsuki, I don't think there's a single couple or set of sisters with as messed up of backgrounds or as fucked up and traumatized, yes TRAUMATIZED, as we are.”

“Ryuko, you . . . .”

She's pulled up, sitting up now, her sister in her lap, clinging to her like she'll blow away in the wind.

“Mama Mankanshoku's been trying to get me into therapy. I . . . I've been refusing but honestly? I think I'm ready. Fucks sake, Satsuki, we fought ALIENS, our fucked up sorta-cousin, we killed our monster of a mother. You were basically in deep cover for almost a DECADE. I'm not the smartest, you know that, but even I know that'll fuck you up.”

Silence.

“Hell, Satsuki she had me. She had me and did the same thing to me. Satsuki I am probably the only other person who KNOWS even a fraction of what happened to you. She BRAINWASHED ME.”

Shame.

“SATSUKI!”

Regret.

“NEE-CHAN!”

Her sister.

“. . . If you jump, I'm jumping too. Or something, I'll find some way to follow you.”

. . .

“I - Satsuki last night was the happiest I've been since the academy fell. Honestly it felt like I could see the future, and it was you and me, together. What do the Americans say? ‘Until death do we part’?”

. .

“Please don't leave men Nee-chan. Not now that we can enjoy the future we fought for.”

.

“Satsuki-”

Tears. Hers this time. Relief. Fear. Clarity.

“I'm sorry . . .”

Silent. Probing eyes.

“God's I’m sorry Ryuko, I'm . . .”

“Imouto I'm scared. I'm so scared, I'm terrified. She had me for years, it would be just like her to leave some kind of fail safe and I already almost lost you once I can't be the person who breaks you like she broke me-”

“Nee-chan, if she broke you, we wouldn't be talking right now. She hurt you, hurt us, but she didn't break us.

We're here, and she's not.

And goddammit, we saved the goddamned world. We've earned the right to be together, now and forever.”

“. . . Ryuko.”

“Marry me, Kiryuin Satsuki. Marry me, Onee-chan. I'll be there for you, you'll be there for me. We'll hold each other up, come hell or high water.”

“. . . Please tell me this isn't a dream, if I wake up-”

Pulled close, like she's trying to take all of Satsuki within her. A kiss, more than words. Longing, hope, love. A pointed nibble on her lower lip, drawing a drop of blood and proving the validity of this impossible fantasy.

Her rival. Her sister. Her lover. Her fiancée.

It's a wet kiss of hope.
Of tears
Of love.
Of sisterhood.
Of lust.
Of one heart beating in two bodies.

They break apart, breathless, hiccupping with laughter and relief.

A soft hand on her cheek, “C'mon nee-chan, let's go back in. I'm freezing my tits off.”

Madness dispelled, replaced with hope, she took a proper look at her sister, lover, wife-to-be.

Ryuko sat in her lap wearing her trademarked shima pan. And nothing else. Her cute nipples rock hard in the cold morning wind.

She wasn't any better herself, wearing only an open button up shirt she'd mindlessly grabbed.

The shivers running down her body were only partially from the cold.

Another kiss, cut short by a cute sneeze from Ryuko, and they both hustled back inside, peeking corners to make sure that nobody saw their strange walk of shame back to their cozy apartment.

“Nee-chan we’re gonna catch a cold like this, let's hop in the shower, warm up.”

Wordless agreement via shedding their few clothes and ducking into the bathroom, turning the shower on and waiting in companionable silence for the room to fog up from the steam. Sliding in and shutting the frosted glass door, they both danced around, still-cold bodies burning from the hot water.

It was not a small shower, but there was room for two and no more, so every motion, every grab of soap, every scrub, all ended up with some kind of contact between the sisterlovers. They gravitated together, sitting on the shower stools, Ryuko gently and sedately cleaning and tending to Satsuki’s long hair, that she grew back out in the years after the fall of Honnoji Academy.

Satsuki hummed pleasedly at her sister's ministrations, chuckling as her hands found their way down from her hair to her chest, applying soap as a ruse to fondle her breasts.

The chuckles faded as Ryuko stopped groping her and pulled in close, holding Satsuki tightly from behind, burying her face in Satsuki’s neck.

It was slow love. Not a furious devouring, but a clingy needy desperation, every touch, every grope, stroke, kiss, lick, all of it begging for proof that they were still there, together, that they WANTED this, wholeheartedly, together.

Ryuko explored, feeling every bit of skin she could touch while kissing Satsuki with a rough earnestness, and an amateur's hesitance. This wasn’t the instinctual drive that took them to wild heights last night, but a mapping out of her sister-lover's body .

Satsuki answered back with her own kisses, her own touches, hesitant at first, still not truly believing that she wasn’t hurting her precious sister, but every point of contact was met with enthusiastic agreement, and she greedily catalogued every spot that elicited a “nee-chan~!”

Satsuki was the first to pull away, but while Ryuko whined as the touches paused, she started whining again as Satsuki kissed down, down her sister’s scarred chest, hesitating at her stomach where she was cut in half, the scar healed but still very lightly noticeable. She took a deep breath, in and out, kissed the scar, left and right, trying to convey how much it hurt to see her (at the time recently reunited) sister bisected horizontally.

A hand playing with her wet hair and a gaze of absolute forgiveness moved her down farther, down between Ryuko’s spread legs and pussy. Satsuki absently wondered at the crude term as she kissed, licked and nipped at her sister's thighs, enjoying the sounds each little moment of teasing elicited. Pussy was too vulgar, yet vagina too clinical. Slit was passable but lacked some depth, and cunt was purely reserved for filthy dirty talk.

She promised to herself that she would endeavor for a proper term for her sister's womanhood (another lacking term, too reductive and prudish by far) as she acquiesced to Ryuko’s begging and pleading, all worked up from the teasing and testing.

As was the theme of the night, it was gentle, hesitant, filled with the desire to learn, to take in all that was before her so that she may use what she learned tactically and to maximum

effect. Kissing her lips, small, quick licks met with smooth massages around, learning the topography and where the peaks of Ryuko's reactions hid.

Softly spreading her open, running her thumbs up and down the sides, she leaned in, and tasted of her sister.

Incest tasted of mild hints sweetness and copper. It tasted of sin.

Incest smelled of soap, arousal and bare notes of natural musk. It smelled of comfort.

Incest felt warm, welcoming, shuddering. It felt reassuring.

Incest sounded like running water and shaking moans timed with her tongue's dance. It sounded like love.

Incest looked like her sister's face could light up a dark room, her steel grey eyes standing out sharply against her vividly blushing face, wide and not disbelieving but desperate to take in what she was seeing. It looked like heaven.

With deliberate daring, she supped on Ryuko, alternating directions, speeds, locations, narrow strokes, wide licks. Satsuki was in love with the sounds her sister-lover made as she played with her, and the hand desperately holding her head, instinctively trying to pull her in closer, to get just a bit more pleasure. Her tongue danced around Ryuko's clit, brushing every closer and eliciting a sharp hitch, a muffled curse, a disappointed whine when she refused to focus on the sensitive nub.

Tempestiously, she pulled and pushed and spun her sister up to, away from, and toeing the line, riding the edge. An orgasm was not the goal, merely the final destination where she would lay her sister down at. While she still had the courage, while the dark thoughts had been chased away, she wanted to grant her lover all the pleasure she could.

Over the pouring water, a breathy and trembling voice rose, "Nee-chan-n-n ppp-p-lease, I'm b-b-beg-ging-g-"

Pulling back from her delicacy, Satsuki rose and pulled Ryuko into her lap, sitting down and cradling her, one hand holding her close and the other between her legs, massaging her mound and keeping her not teetering but closing in on the edge.

Between kisses, she murmured into her sister's lips, "Ryuko, love, please do not beg me, all you have to do is ask."

Murmured back into her lips was a request, but one bursting to the brim with need, "Satsuki-nee, I'm soooo close, please make me cum, kiss me and make me cum please~"

A thumb pressed to her clit and two fingers inside curling in to just the right spot, scraping so gently yet with a slow deliberation to maximize contact time

Lips met and her request was answered, "Cum, Ryuko, sister, love. Cum for me, I have you, please~"

She held her fiancee close as she came, timing her strokes and rubs inside and out to Ryukos sudden frantic breaths, trying to extend it as long as she could. The kiss was rough, fractured, scattered with moans, gasps, long periods of no breathing as her sister's body was overwhelmed with the pleasure she granted.

Watching Ryuko fall apart in her lap, in her arms, at her hands should have made her feel like a monster, the very same feeling that drove her, maddened, to the rooftop.

But the vision, the sensation of her sister's body shuddering and flexing and shaking with lightning shocks of pleasure running up and down and in and out. It was sin incarnate, incestual degeneracy brought to its peak, it was beauty distilled, it was the single most glorious thing she'd ever seen, right after the moment where she looked down to the same sister cuddled into her chest after the atmospheric reentry (she'll have to put up a shrine to Senketsu, both in memoriam and thanks for gifting her the chance to find love).

It was the grabbing of her hand that startled her out of her musings, as Ryuko gained enough control back to her fingers and hand out. Satsuki dutifully licked her fingers clean, finding it the most unique flavor of her sister's orgasm to be beyond description, for "flavor" didn't come close to encompassing the sensation.

Cradling Ryuko close, she kissed her head, stroking her thigh and whispering sweet everythings, for that was what she swore to give upon accepting her sisters proposal. "Shh, it's okay, let it come, let it be, I have you, I have you." To which Ryuko clung to her harder, curled into her closer in trust and care

Truly, a lap full of orgasmic Ryuko was more than she ever deserved, but she would greedily devour the sight, placing it down as another brick upon the dam that would in the future lock away the pools of dark thoughts that filled the scarred landscape of her mind.

Ryuko's breathing evened out, coming back to reality as the pleasure finally ebbed away. A dopey grin sat on her face as she looked up at her big sister, "Nee-chan, I love youuuu~"

"And I love you too, imouto." Another gentle kiss to her forehead as she began to slip away from her sister to grab soap to clean up.

A hand shot out and pulled her back to the ground, "Where ya goin news-chaaaan?" Ryuko teasingly groaned, still slightly loopy from the undoing she had been given.

"Ryuko, dear, I just want to clean you up before we go-"

"Go? But I still have to return the faaaavorrr~"

Satsuki smiled at her sister's impetuousness, "Ryuko. Sister. We have forever and a day, and I can imagine you'll 'return' many favors-"

"Sats. Are you okay?"

The sudden, direct question shocked her, and she took a stock of the scene, trying to tell what Ryuko meant.

The blood dripping from her hand where her nails, even shorn short as they were, pressed into her palm.
“I, it’s fine, Ryuko, I-”

Pulled down into a hug, her little sister, so strong, so brash, so soft, held her close, forcing the internal conflict to come to a halt.

Ryuko spoke gently into her ear. “It’s okay to not be okay, nee-chan. We’re not going to shake this in a day.”

Was it the shower? Or was it tears? She would never pursue that answer, but Ryuko held her tight all the same.

“But, Ryuko, what. What if I can’t? I, you, us- I want it so bad, but . . .”

“But?”

“But I’m still scared.”

Ryuko pulled back, cradling Satsuki’s face in her soft, slightly pruny hands. It wasn’t like she was being forced to look in any direction, the hands simply grounded her as she was locked into her sisters gaze, eye to eye.

“You won’t ever have to be scared alone again.”

That damnable cocky smile. How dare it chase away all her fears like that.

“Besides, I have an idea.”

--//--//--//--//--

So long as they were consciously and decisively choosing to make love, and not just caught up in the mindless throws of passion, Satsuki needed the one thing denied her by that monster. Control.

And control she would have, as they rearranged each other so Satsuki was kneeling over her sister’s face, Ryuko’s short hair splayed about on the wet, warm tile floor of the shower.

“Satsuki-nee. Look at me.”

It was almost impossible not to. Her sister staring up from below her, confident, daring, almost hungry was another site she would etch into her memory forever.

“Say it again.”

A breath.
“I have control.”

“And?”

“I decide when I’m done.”

“And?”

“The safe word is Bakuzan.”

“Annnd?”

“And I love you Ryuko.”

“I love you too onee-chaaaammpf~”

Her sister’s teasing was cut off as she lowered herself onto Ryuko’s face.

Truly it was a strange position, however did she learn-

Hot breath, soft lips, a dexterous tongue.

Her already small world, ensconced within the shower stall narrowed even more down to the very, VERY noticeable points where her skin met her sister’s.

ESPECIALLY as Ryuko had obviously learned from her own exploration and techniques, and was employing them with the headstrong brashness she loved.

It was love, it was torture, it was welcome, it was hated, the teasing licks and daring nibbles of her sensative thighflesh. Such sensations and feeling completely new to her, the anticipation not something she’d ever felt under that monster, who forced her to physical orgasm as a way to force submission.

This couldn’t be more opposite, not the other side of the same coin but a different currency altogether, one of shared trust and devotion, her sister's lips softly attacking up her thighs, grazing her own lips, hands holding her ass and thumbs playing merry hell with her ability to think.

The fire that threatened to explode from her, the tingling of building lighting barely contained, all swept up in a sparking conflagration in her that grew and grew as Ryuko’s tongue massaged her labia, an army at the gates, but not crashing down the door.

Her breathing became manual, measured, an attempt to wrangle the storm that Ryuko had filled her with. She clung desperately to the hot water pounding her back as a lifeline, already scared of this pit she was being marched towards.

“Satsuki, lean forward, one hand on the ground, the other in my hair. You’ll be more stable that way,” Ryuko murmured up to her.

It was all she could do to remember words, language. The hot breath and even minor vibrations stealing away her mind bit by bit, pulling her far up and away from all the pools of negativity in her mind. She did as asked, carding one hand into Ryuko’s short hair, and leaning forward more, one hand perilously holding her up.

She looked down in between her legs, eye to eye with Ryuko, who looked up at her with a silent question, the silent question. A shaky breath and a resolute nod me her gaze.

Ryuko's eyes crinkled with a smile as the very fingers that had been teasing at unwinding her spread her open, allowing her sister, her lover, her other half once lost and now bound together in vow to lap at her insides.

Her core ignited, fear and anxiety blasted away in the overpressure waves sent up and in and around with each pass of the soft, wet tongue. The hand in Ryuko's hair, contracted, gripping hard like a lifeline, causing her sister to grunt momentarily, said grunt hitting her nerves with yet another wave of sensation that would have brought her to her knees were she not already there.

It was as if Ryuko was taking her time exploring every square millimeter of her most sensitive place, both cataloguing the spots that made her see stars and clearing away any corruption that hadn't already been furiously scrubbed away.

Part of her brain that had almost quarantined itself away from the waves of pleasure noticed that, even though she didn't know the exact numerical difference, she could feel with the most rock solid certainty that Ryuko had a longer tongue that she did, as it wriggled most pleasantly (a drastic understatement) deeper into her core.

All of this distracted her from the arm shifting some beneath her, but she most certainly noticed the fingers joining in. A sensation familiar, but so gentle, so smoothly, and so wanted, that all she could respond with was a gasp into a lung squeezing groan, her folds toyed with in ways she never thought possible.

Furious expletives exploded from her mouth at random intervals between breaths, moans, groans and hitches. The words were random, bursting forth, but the one constant was the word that felt like heaven on her lips, the word that was holding her together, the one who was breaking her, unmaking her, cleaning her, restoring her, over and over again in this moment, this little pocket of existence.

She sang without rhythm, without tune, her brain trying to convert the sensations and emotions into words.

"Ryuko - fuck, I - Ryuko - nnghghh, hahhhh - Ryuko, gooooooodssss Ryukooooo~!"

But it was futile. The words that might content a fraction of what she was feeling danced away from her every swipe, as was her control, dancing further and further away, over that pit she was being pulled towards, fear evaporating with each lick, each kiss upon her flesh, each scrape upon her insides.

The edge approached, faster and faster, and fear welled up. She could feel a word, one that promised safety, promised control, separation, an ending. It filled her mouth, ready for her to vomit out and end this storm of sensations in a moment.

And then the eye of the storm arrived. Still the heat burned her veins, still the electricity danced up and down her nerves, but there in that moment of consideration, the image of the

street so far beneath her, a view that was quickly and violently changed, pulled back to earth, to control, to safety, to care, to love, to a future she almost threw away for the fear of a monster now dead.

The ministrations slowed, and physical control returned enough for her to make eye contact with her lover between her legs, worshipping at her altar.

“Ryuko, please. I want this, I want you, I’m so close just do-”

Her request was cut short as the other wall of the storm overtook her.

And take her it did.

Here she was giving up control, letting someone in to her deepest, most vulnerable place and the reward was death.

And life.

And death.

Ryuko’s lips and tongue had found her clit and laid upon it such minstrations that she could no longer be.

Time stopped stretching and just stopped existing. All the sound disappeared, her body overwhelmed with the sudden and violent unwinding of her self.

The pit she had, at that point, graduated to walking hand in hand towards, she was now flung/flung herself off the edge, giving up all control, all restraint.

But instead of falling, she rose, rose above it all and was granted such pleasure that wracked her body, clenched her muscles, driving the air from her lungs, filling her sight with stars and haze.

Kiryuin Satsuki came with the force of a hurricane, the fear, self hatred, terror, and shame all blasted away with a wave of fire, passion, love, ecstasy, all lavished upon her by her precious sister Matoi Ryuko, still lapping away at her pussy, guiding her sister through the orgasm.

Time snapped back, her lungs expanded greedily sucking in as much air as they could, dragging her back to reality.

Her body shuddered like it had been hooked up to Zeus’s own lightning, and the fire still burned, no longer a raging inferno but a bonfire coming to a close. She flopped to her side clumsily, grabbing onto Ryuko as her sister crawled up to hold her close, grounding her as the orgasmic aftershocks rippled across her body and mind, overlapping and bouncing off each other.

Face pressed into a soft chest and warm water still raining down on her helped her gather her mind together more and more, soothing vibrations of Ryuko humming and mumbling things, complements from what she could gather.

“I’m so proud of you, Nee-chan.”

“Hnnnmmm, thank you, dear sister~”

“Ah, you’re back, huh?”

She giggled, “Mmmm no thanks to your excellent tongue~”

A laugh, “Wow you get flirty after you cum your brains out, I’ll keep that in mind!”

“Only for you, Ryuko dear,” thankful kisses smattered Ryuko’s collarbone, “only for you~”

They basked in the moment, letting all their cares wash away, but it was Ryuko as the voice of reason for once, “Nee-chan, as much as I like cuddling with you post orgasm, my back’s starting to hurt. Lets wrap up and go back to bed.”

“Mmmm agreed.”

It felt wrong to separate, still yearning for Ryuko’s touch, but reason won out. A quick cleanup, followed by their post shower routines, hair drying, face lotion, etc, all performed in a very companionable silence, eyes meeting in the mirror and sharing silly grins, constantly brushing against each other.

Once they were done, they shuffled back to the bed. Ryuko gently pushed Satsuki in first and crawled in behind her, spooning her from behind. Curled up, they faced the window and watched as the sun began to rise beyond the buildings. A new day. A brighter day. Satsuki squeezed the hand that had been draped over her, and Ryuko pressed a kiss to the back of her head.

“Matoi Ryuko, I would be honored and delighted to marry you.”

A warm chuff. “Sats you goof, I thought you agreed already.”

“Not directly in word. Also, I’m taking your last name.”

“Hmm. Matoi Satsuki.”

“Mmm.”

“Yeah, I like it too. Feels good on my tongue, kinda like the real thing.”

“Hush you, we have to get some sleep.”

“Yeah, fair.”

A moment passed, the sun rising every bit more.

“We’re sleeping till like 1:00 today, minimum.”

“For once, Ryuko, I will acquiesce to that.”

A contented hum.

“I love you, Matoi Satsuki.”

“I love you too, Matoi Ryuko.”

End Notes

Fucking busted this out in one day, I'll edit this later if it needs it but for now, DONE

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!